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James Dorris oral history interview by Michael Hirsh, June 18, 2008

James Dorris (Interviewee)

Michael Hirsh (Interviewer)

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[Transcriber's note: The Interviewee's personal information has been removed, at the request of the Interviewer. This omission is indicated with ellipses.]

Michael Hirsh: Can you give me your full name and spell it for me, please?

James Dorris: Spell my name?

MH: Yes.

JD: D-o-r-r-i-s.

MH: And your first name is James?

JD: James, yes.

MH: And what's your date of birth?

JD: November 8, 1924.

MH: And you were with the 42nd Infantry Division at Dachau.

JD: Right.

MH: Tell me a little about what you were doing before the Army.

JD: Well, I'd gone to university.

MH: Which one?

JD: University of Chattanooga. I was a freshman, and as soon as my freshman year was finished, I went into the Army.

MH: You volunteered, or they drafted you?

JD: No, they drafted me.

MH: Where'd they send you?

JD: Fort McClellan, Alabama. And then from there, I went into the ASTP, Army Specialized Training Program, up at Fargo, North Dakota. I went to the University of North Dakota for about five months.

MH: What were you studying?

JD: Engineering. And then they closed ASTP, and we all went back to the infantry.

MH: Where'd you go?

JD: Camp Gruber, Oklahoma.

MH: What year and month was this, do you guess?

JD: That I went to Oklahoma?

MH: Yeah.

JD: That must've been March of—let's see—forty-four [1944].

MH: Forty-four [1944]? And was the 42nd at Camp Gruber?

JD: Yes.

MH: So, what happens from then?

JD: We had some more training, and then we went overseas. We landed at Marseilles, France, and that was the first part of December 1944. Then we went up to Strasbourg and from there, a little town of Ingersheim, and that's where we ended up in the Battle of the Bulge.

MH: What was your unit at that point, your company and regiment?

JD: It was Company A, 222nd Regiment of the 42nd Division.

MH: And you were in the Bulge?

JD: Yes.

MH: Was that your first heavy combat?

JD: Yes, it was. We had moved into this little town, and the people we relieved said, "Oh, you're lucky; we haven't seen a German in a week." That night, they hit us: tanks and infantry. And from then on—of course, it was bitterly cold—well, then we were in the Battle of the Bulge.

MH: Were you dressed for the cold weather?

JD: No. No, we just had—well, I had—somewhere along the line, we had an overcoat, but we lost that pretty quick, because you can't do much running and fighting with an overcoat on. So, we dropped them somewhere, and we just had—well, I had two pair of underwear and a wool shirt and a khaki shirt, and then my fatigue jacket. And then, I had wool pants and fatigue pants, and a wool thing under my helmet.

MH: Did you have gloves and shoe pacs?

JD: Yeah, I had gloves, but at first we didn't have shoe pacs. We didn't get them until about—it seemed like maybe a month after we were in it.

MH: Tell me a bit about the Bulge. What happened when they hit you?

JD: We were pushed out of that little town and dropped back. There was part of the Siegfried Line along there—Siegfried or Maginot; right now, I can't tell you for sure.

MH: Were you still in France, or were you into Germany?

JD: We were still in France. We were in these—well, they were pillboxes. We held on there for a couple of weeks, and we were kind of a point out into the—well, the lines had fallen back around us, so they gave us word to fall back, and we fell back. I can't remember the town now, but anyway, we fell back and built up a new line and got replacements and ammunition and everything, which we'd used up. And then we went back into the—we were there for about a week, getting replacements and so forth, and then we went back into the line.

MH: At this point in the war, did you know anything about the concentration camps?

JD: No, I'd never heard of them. In fact, the first time I heard of them when we were told we were gonna take one. I thought it was just a prison.

MH: So, you pulled back, you got reinforcements, you got resupplied. Then what happens?

JD: Well, we went back into the line, and let's see. We fought in Würzburg and over to Nuremberg, all the little towns in between, and then we headed south; our destination was Munich, and we were almost there. They told us the night before that we were going to take a concentration camp the next day, instead. We were supposed to hit Munich, but instead, we went to Dachau.

MH: When they got you together and told you, who was telling you this?

JD: Just our company officers and noncoms [noncommissioned officers].

MH: So, what do they say?

JD: All they told us was we were going to take a concentration camp, and we had no idea what that was. I just pictured it as some kind of prison. We were riding tanks until we got close to Dachau. We got off the tanks, and there was a—we were up on a hill, so then we got off and formed a line. Well, first we started down this main road—I think they called it SS Straße, I believe—this big wide road leading to the camp, and we were marching single file, one file on each side of the road. We were going down this hill, and all of a sudden, we could smell the crematory. And immediately, I realized what it was. It was a horrible, horrible odor that was so bad that first I tried not to breathe. You can't go very long doing that, so finally I started breathing as lightly as I could until I more or less got used to it.

MH: Was there any conversation between the guys?

JD: Yeah. "What's this horrible odor?" Then we just continued on. When we got up to the camp, there was this train of forty boxcars that had headed—they were on a track just outside the camp, and they were headed to the gate into the camp.

MH: How close were you to the train as you were coming up upon it?

JD: Well, we walked right next to it. When we got up to it, the cars had been—the doors had been pulled open, and bodies had fallen out onto the street, onto the pavement. We could see that—well, we heard later what had happened: the guards went in with machine guns. These people were supposed to have been in those cars for nine days without food or water, so a lot of them had died just from—they were in bad condition when they were

put in there. So, when they got there, a lot of them had already died, and the guards just threw the doors open and machine gunned anybody that was still alive.

MH: What's that do to you, to see something like that? You've been in war, you've been in combat, you've seen guys die, but I don't know that you've seen anything like this.

JD: We had never seen people in the condition that these people were. They were starved, you know, just skin and bones, and just looking at them made you sick. And we found—

MH: Sick enough that you'd start throwing up?

JD: Well, I didn't, but some of them did, seeing them just falling out into the street. The cars would just be people piled up on top of each other, and these that had fallen out when they opened the door. To pass forty cars like that, you just couldn't imagine what that was like.

MH: What are your officers saying to you?

JD: They weren't saying anything. Everybody was just amazed at what we saw.

MH: What was your rank at that point?

JD: I was a PFC [private first class]. I was a BAR [Browning Automatic Rifle] man.

MH: So, what do you want to do at that point?

JD: We were just furious, of course, thinking, "Who could do things like this?" We got to the main gate, and it was deserted—except for these huge German police dogs, one on each side of the gate, chained up.

MH: Inside or outside the gate?

JD: Outside, on the side we approached. We walked up to them, and they were just going crazy trying to get at us. And one of my buddies—a BAR is too much, to shoot a dog

with that. He had a little pistol, and he shot the dog in the head, and he said, “Damn, the bullet just bounced off his hard head.” All he did was blink, then he came back at us again. So, he shot him again in the eye. Well, that did it, of course. And then on the other side, somebody did the same thing. But we went in the gate —

MH: Was the gate locked or open?

JD: You know I believe it would’ve been pushed open.

MH: Are you seeing people on the inside at this point?

JD: No, we hadn’t seen anyone inside. But when we went in, our lieutenant told me that there was first this high concrete wall, about twelve feet high, and then they had towers where people had stayed with machine guns. And he told me—inside was this high fence that, I think, had been charged with electricity. It was a wire fence. He said, “Go down between the fence and the wall, and don’t let anybody out.” And the rest of them were going on into the camp.

I went down about 100 yards, and there was a man—a body lying there between the fence and the wall. He was in—well, he looked like a rag doll that’d been thrown down, arms and legs all different positions; one of his eyes was laying out on his cheek where he’d been beaten so badly. I couldn’t imagine how this body got there, unless they’d thrown it over the fence. But anyway, right at that point, I looked inside, and there was a long row of naked bodies lying on the ground, about maybe fifty feet from me, and on the other side, towards the prison guards’ houses was about 200, 250 prisoners standing there, just looking at me.

MH: What were they wearing?

JD: All kinds of rags that—supposedly uniforms, prison uniforms, and some of them in real bad shape. And these people were just standing there, not saying a word, doing nothing but looking at me.

MH: And they’re on the other side of the wire fence.

JD: Yeah, and the other side are these bodies.

MH: Were the bodies like they had been laid out there?

JD: Yeah. My idea was they had laid them there to take to the crematory. They'd taken the clothes off of them because it were still pretty cold, and the prisoners—when somebody died, they wanted whatever clothes they had that were any good to try to put on themselves. So, they took the clothes and just had the naked bodies lying there.

Right about that time, one of them guys jumped over the bodies and ran—it'd be towards me—and leaned over and picked up—like he was picking something up off the ground—and held it up to him. I couldn't see anything there to pick up, but he acted like that and held it up to him and started running with it, back towards the houses. Well, three more guys left the group and started chasing him, and they tackled him and knocked him down and were on top of him, kicking him and hitting him, trying to get his hands open to see what he had.

Well, I thought, "They're gonna beat this guy to death. Gosh, they're all crazy," going through what all I imagined them having gone through. And I thought, "They're gonna beat this man to death." I started to fire a burst over their heads, but I could see the bullets would go into the prison houses. I thought, "Well, there's probably people in there, and I'll be shooting them," so I didn't do anything. I just stood there and looked, and I thought, "This is what hell is like." That's the only thing I could think. And in my condition—mental condition—I thought I even saw the devil coming out of the ground. It was all so horrible, that's all I could think of.

MH: What'd the devil look like?

JD: He's a horrible-looking man with a real red face and a real large—and it just—I was imagining all this.

MH: Right. Of course.

JD: I looked up in the sky and said, "God, get me out of this place." Well, right at that point, when I looked back down, another prisoner had left and come over to the fence where I was, and he said, "*Haben Sie eine Zigarette?* Do you have a cigarette?" Well, I thought—I've got four or five packs on me, but seeing all those people, I thought if I bring those out, I don't have enough to give all of them, and I thought I'd have a riot on my hands, so I said no. He said, "*Einen Moment,*" and he turned around and ran back towards the houses.

Well, then I looked back where these people were on top of that man, and they've gotten his hands open. There was nothing in them, so in disgust they got up off of him and went back with the other prisoners. Well, by that time, the man that had run off past me for a cigarette ran back to the fence. He stuck his hand through the wire fence, and he had a little tiny rusty can, took the top off it. Inside was a cigarette butt about—oh, maybe three-quarters of an inch long. It was all water stained. He handed that to me, and he said—I can't remember the exact German words, but, "This is in thanks for rescuing us."

Well, that just really got to me. Tears came to my eyes, and I had a complete different change from the way I had felt just two minutes before, and I thought, "I'm really doing some good here." And I felt that was God answering my prayer, because I felt like I'd—I was really despairing. When I said, "God, get me out of here," and this fellow coming over and giving me that cigarette butt that he'd been saving—that was his treasure. No telling how long he'd been saving that.

MH: The fence was not electrified?

JD: It hadn't been—it wasn't then, because I guess somebody had thrown the switch and cut it off. But I feel sure it had been.

MH: What do you do at that point when he's handing you that can?

JD: Well, I took it and thanked him profusely, shook his hand. I looked out at the other prisoners, who were still all standing there, and I waved to them, and they all waved and started smiling and laughing and talking. They were just—that just broke the ice. And then they're looking at each other and talking, and they waved back to me. And this guy that handed me the cigarette butt was standing there smiling. I shook his hand, like I said, and thanked him, and he turned around and went back into the prison.

MH: Any idea where he was from?

JD: No; like I say, he left right then.

MH: Right, but there was nothing on his uniform that would have told you?

JD: No, no. He spoke German, and I had no idea about—anything about his story. But then, later on, I was relieved—

MH: When this is going on, what are you hearing from other parts of the camp?

JD: Well, I could hear some shots being fired off in the camp. And I don't—well, my buddies told me later that they had chased some of the guards, captured them. One of my good friends told me that he and another fellow had come to a small building, and the prisoners were just all crowded around it, trying to get in. And he and his friend got them aside, didn't know what was inside the building, but when they opened the door, they told me that it was the police chief from Dachau. All of his clothes had been stripped off of him, and the prisoners were trying to get to him and beat him to death, I guess. But they got him and escorted him through this wild bunch, and turned him into some of the officers. But that night, we went to the house where the guards had lived.

MH: This is outside the wall?

JD: No, it's inside the camp.

MH: Inside the camp?

JD: Yeah.

MH: Okay. How far in from the main gate, would you say?

JD: It must've been, oh, seventy-five yards, something like that. Then this building was—it seemed like it was just in with all the other buildings. Our cooks that had come, in the meantime, and they cooked us a big meal in the guards' house.

MH: How do you deal with cooking a big meal when there's thousands of starving people all around you?

JD: Well, I didn't know how they were handling that. I went in the place, and this is what I saw.

MH: Tell me what you saw when you walked in.

JD: Well, it was—the building had a nice kitchen in it, and a big part of it had bunks. In fact, that night I slept in one of the bunks. And after we ate—of course, we'd had a hard day of it—we went in and picked out different bunks. I picked out one that—well, they all looked like maybe the guards had been awakened, hearing that we were coming, and they'd just thrown the covers back and jumped up and took off to resist us or whatever they did. I remember getting in that bunk and thinking, "What kind of guy was laying here in this bunk last night?" I thought about that for quite a while. But that was the end of it.

MH: So, how many hours of sleep were you able to get?

JD: It seemed like we got probably six or seven hours. Next morning, we were awakened, and then we went back to taking Munich.

MH: So, you left the camp the next morning.

JD: Yeah.

MH: Were there other—

JD: Another outfit had moved in, bringing food and everything for the prisoners, and doctors. All we did was go out and get on our tanks and took off to Munich.

MH: Did you have any opportunity, once you were inside the camp, to try and talk to these prisoners?

JD: No, no, none. Well, I'd seen about all I wanted to see.

MH: So, you didn't go touring around the camp, then.

JD: No, no. We had had a hard day of it.

MH: Sending you in there with a BAR is not real practical.

JD: Well, (laughs) everybody had rifles, and I had my BAR.

MH: Did anybody talk to you about the shooting that was going on?

JD: Yeah, my buddies told me that they had come across some of the guards. I don't know if they were trying to resist them. Some of them were so upset that they just killed guards. And our colonel stopped it, Col. Fallenz.

MH: Colonel—?

JD: I can't think of his first—Walter Fallenz.

MH: Fallenz?

JD: Yeah. F-a-l-l-e-n-z, I believe.

MH: What are the guys talking about at this point? You're having dinner there. Was that the first hot meal in a long time?

JD: Yeah, yeah.

MH: That's weird, to have the first hot meal inside Dachau.

JD: Yeah, it was.

MH: What do the guys talk about when they're sitting around, eating?

JD: Everybody was just kind of numb from what we'd seen. You couldn't describe—I mean, everybody had seen something so bad that they just didn't really want to talk. We just sat there, eating, not saying a whole lot.

MH: Do you remember what they served you?

JD: No, I can't remember at all. It was just hot food, and that's the first we'd had in quite a while.

MH: What was the weather like?

JD: It was still pretty cool. We had—well, pretty much the clothes that we got to France in I was still wearing when the war was over. I did get, I think twice, maybe—I know once—that we were pulled back off the lines, and they had put canvas up in a big square, just out in the open, and they had crates on the ground. And they'd put showers—not stalls, but places that squirted hot water out, and we went in there and took showers. Of course, the wind was blowing under the canvas and over and through, so we didn't spend a whole lot of time, but we did get clean underwear.

MH: That was before or after Dachau?

JD: That was before. That was maybe halfway through.

MH: Ah, okay. So, the next day, about what time they wake you up? Do you remember?

JD: Oh, it was just about dawn.

MH: And then what? They say, "Everybody out"?

JD: We loaded onto the—we got something to eat and loaded onto the tanks. Munich was about—it seemed like about fifteen miles away.

MH: Was that, what, the 20th Armored?

JD: I think it was.

MH: So, you're fixing for a battle in Munich.

JD: Yeah. But we were surprised when we got to the city. The people were lined up on both sides, cheering us, and we were completely taken aback by that. That was the first time we'd had that happen. They were giving us bottles of champagne and throwing flowers on us.

MH: These are Germans?

JD: Germans, yeah. They were happy to see us.

MH: That's got to mess with your head after what you'd just seen.

JD: It sure did. And we were wondering how much they knew about what was going on out there at Dachau.

MH: Did you ever have a chance to ask?

JD: No, I never did get to talk to anybody.

MH: How long are you at Munich?

JD: We just went through that day, I believe, and moved on to—some of the towns we'd meet a little bit of resistance, but most of the places, they were taking off when they'd see us coming. And we were about thirty miles from—what's the pass into Italy? Darn, I can't quite say it. But we'd just moved into this little town, and our kitchen had moved up again. They were going to give us a meal.

Three of my buddies and I, we'd moved into a house and were sitting there—I was sitting on a bed, and they were sitting across from me. And this young fellow—he had been a replacement—had found a pistol. We're sitting there talking. He's got this .38 revolver, sitting right next to me, and he gave the chamber a twirl and pulled the trigger and shot me through the leg.

MH: Oh, no!

JD: (laughs) So, I had decided—when I got that little can with the cigarette butt, I thought, “I’ll keep this the rest of my life.” Well, it was in my fatigue pocket. So, when I went to the hospital, of course they took all my clothes, and at the time, I didn’t think of trying to get that. I was more concerned with my leg. And I never saw the cigarette butt again.

MH: When you get shot in the leg by your buddy, I assume you say bad words.

JD: Yeah. (laughs) He said, “Did I shoot you?” I said, “Hell, yes!” My pants were—he was so close to me that it burned a big round circle around it, just burned to a crisp from the powder burns and went in the top side and out the bottom, back of my leg.

MH: Had you been hit before that?

JD: I’d been hit with shrapnel, yeah.

MH: So, you had your Purple Heart.

JD: Oh, yeah, I already had the Purple Heart.

MH: There was no discussion over whether that’s a Purple Heart wound or not?

JD: No, no, that wouldn’t qualify as a Purple Heart.

MH: I see. You get that all fixed up, and then what happens?

JD: Well, I was in the hospital about two months with that.

MH: Really? Did it hit the bone?

JD: No, just—I don’t know how. Right in the center of my leg, but it just missed the bone. He was sitting next to me, so it was at a slant, and he just missed the bone.

MH: Did he at least give you the gun to keep?

JD: (laughs) No. Well, my buddies were so upset with him; they told him I lost my leg. And he—when I came back to the company, first thing he did was run up to me and pull up my pants leg to see if I still had a leg. (laughs)

MH: (laughs) Oh, jeez.

JD: But—oh, the day after—this was the day before the war was over. So, when I came out of the operation the next day, they said—the guy laying in the bed next to me said, “The war is over,” and I said, “Great.” But anyway—

MH: So, they tell you that you’re going to have to go to Japan?

JD: We thought we would. We didn’t get anything like that from our officers, but everybody assumed that’s where our next destination would be.

MH: What—go ahead.

JD: I was just going to say we were in Linz and Salzburg, and then we ended up in Vienna. But usually our job would be—well, in Linz, I lived in a prison with 5,000 German prisoners. About five or six of us lived right in the prison with them. So, if we had to go out to get supplies or whatever, one of us would go with our rifle in the truck that the German was driving, and do whatever we had to do. But we lived right in the prison with them, and I did go to the barbershop there. German prisoners were running the barbershop. I was laying there getting a shave with a straight razor, and all of a sudden it hit me, “Damn, I was probably shooting at this guy a month ago, and here he is, shaving me with a straight razor.” I didn’t do that again.

MH: Did you ever confront the German prisoners about what you saw at Dachau?

JD: I did talk to them some, and most of them acted like they didn’t know anything about it, and I don’t think they did. Most of these were just ordinary German soldiers, just doing what they were supposed to do. I got to be pretty good friends with some of them.

One fellow lived pretty close to there, and I would let him stop and see his sister. We went to her house at lunchtime one time, and she gave me a meal; and went to—I thought it was his father. He must've been pretty well off, because he had a beautiful place and they had a butler, and a big table was set for me. And the butler took my rifle and helmet, sat them in the corner, and then served me my meal, and his father sat at the other end of the table. Of course, I didn't know that much German that I could carry on very much conversation, but they treated me royally.

MH: Interesting. How long after that before you got shipped home?

JD: Let's see, that was in the summer. I didn't come home till—I started on the way home in February of forty-five [1945].

MH: February forty-six [1946].

JD: Forty-six [1946], yeah.

MH: So, when'd you get out of the Army?

JD: As soon as I got home. I was out March 22, I think it was.

MH: And you went back to Chattanooga?

JD: Yeah.

MH: Then what do you do?

JD: Well, I went back to university, and graduated.

MH: What'd you have a degree in?

JD: Engineering. I went to work at Tennessee Copper Company in Copperhill, Tennessee. And then I came to Chattanooga, worked at an asphalt manufacturing company, and ended up owning my company in Cleveland, Tennessee.

MH: In Cleveland, Tennessee?

JD: Mm-hm.

MH: How long did you run that?

JD: Twenty-five years. We built equipment used by asphalt plants, air pollution control equipment, things like that.

MH: Did you marry?

JD: Yeah. Married and had seven children.

MH: Seven children. How many grandchildren?

JD: Eighteen.

MH: Eighteen!

JD: Uh-huh.

MH: I've got four and I can't keep up with them.

JD: (laughs)

MH: And you retired when?

JD: Ninety-two [1992].

MH: Ninety-two [1992]?

JD: Uh-huh.

MH: So, did what you had seen in Dachau ever come back to you after the war?

JD: Oh, yeah. I think about it every once in a while.

MH: Ever keep you awake?

JD: No, I haven't had that problem, but I sure can't forget it.

MH: Were you a religious person before the war?

JD: Yes. I'm a Catholic. I've been religious all my life.

MH: Did the experience at Dachau change that at all?

JD: Well, it made me a little bit stronger Christian, I think.

MH: When you came back—I mean, it didn't cause you to question God?

JD: Oh, no.

MH: No? People are affected differently by those kinds of things.

JD: Yeah. You wonder how things like that happen, but they do.

MH: Did you ever have a chance to talk to school kids about what you saw?

JD: Oh, yeah.

MH: When's the first time—well, first let me ask you, when's the first time you told your family about what you'd seen?

JD: You know, I don't think I told them—I didn't even tell my wife for several years after we were married. I just couldn't talk about it, I guess, at first.

MH: What let you talk about it the first time?

JD: Well, let's see. I think we must've seen something on TV or in a movie about something like that, and I started telling about it.

MH: Did she think you were making it up?

JD: No, no, she knew I was telling the truth. She had seen, you know, things about it.

MH: But she didn't know her husband had been in the middle of it.

JD: No.

MH: When did you tell your kids?

JD: Well, about the same time. I began talking about it, telling them and my friends.

MH: When's the first time you went and talked to school kids?

JD: Let's see. Well, I went to the University of—oh, she's in charge of that at the University of Tennessee. I've got her name somewhere. Anyway, she contacted me to make a talk over at Dollywood, I believe it was.

MH: At Dollywood?

JD: Let's see. What's the little town near there, where Dollywood is [Pigeon Forge]?

MH: What, Nashville?

JD: No, no, it's—doggone it. I've gone blank.

MH: That's okay. Just tell me about the experience.

JD: I talked about it there.

MH: How old were the kids?

JD: Most of these—some of my grandchildren were there. It was announced—I think it was—well, I believe it must've been the year 200—

MH: Two thousand.

JD: Two thousand, I mean. They had some kind of celebration. The university put that on, and I went there and made the talk. And then since then, I've talked to the University of [Tennessee at] Chattanooga and the university at Middle Tennessee [State University].

MH: What's that experience like, trying to tell people the things you saw?

JD: Well, I think most of the people that you're talking to, at this point, have all heard about it. It's not a case of them hearing for the first time. They just—some of them have questions about it. I've talked to—well, my last talk was to the seventh grade over at St. Jude's grammar school. And I've talked to the eighth grade at Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and just different groups.

MH: What's their reaction to you?

JD: Well, they're all shocked to hear what it was like. I mean, they've heard things like that before, but someone that was actually there makes a bigger impression.

MH: Can I ask—before you went in the Army, what'd you look like? How tall were you, how heavy were you?

JD: Well, I was skinny as a rail. (laughs) I ended up six [feet] three [inches], and I think I was just about 145 [pounds] when I went in. And soon as I got into the Army training and all that, I began putting on weight and got up to 165, I think, in basic training—195 now.

MH: Your wife's cooking is good?

JD: Oh, yeah. (laughs)

MH: That's good. Anything else that you think would be important to tell me?

JD: Right offhand, I can't think of anything.

MH: I meant to ask you, do you have any pictures of yourself from World War II?

JD: Yeah.

MH: Is it possible for you to—what I'd like is a good picture of you from World War II and a picture of you now. If you can send the prints to me, I'll scan them on the computer and then send them right back to you.

JD: Okay. I've got macular degeneration; I need to get my—I'm sitting at my desk, where I've got a machine that blows everything up. That's where I read and write. Let me get something that I can get your address.

MH: Do you have e-mail?

JD: I did, but my sight got so bad that I just quit. Okay, what's your name again?

MH: My name is Michael Hirsh, H-i-r-s-h.

JD: H-i-r—

MH: S-h.

JD: Okay.

MH: If you could find, you know, a good picture of you from World War II—

JD: Sure.

MH: Something that looks like you're actually in the Army and not in a photo studio.

JD: (laughs). Okay. Well, I've got one that was made over in Austria. I'm holding a mess kit and I'm in uniform.

MH: Okay, that works.

JD: (laughs) I'll see what all I've got.

MH: Okay, and if you send them to me I'll send them—I'll scan them and send them right back to you, along with a release that lets me use them.

JD: Okay.

MH: Okay. What's your wife's name?

JD: Charlotte.

MH: Charlotte, okay. Thank you very, very much, Mr. Dorris. I sure appreciate your time.

JD: I'm glad to talk with you.

MH: Okay. Bye-bye.

JD: Bye.

End of interview